

written and performed by

Aida Talliente

trumpet

Mirko Cisilino

MINES

light design \ Luigi Biondi

photographs by \

Danilo De Marco

set design \ Tommaso Pascutti

graphics \ Massimo Staich

a production by Aida Talliente, 2012 in

collaboration with Lacasadargilla, Rome



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Mario Brandolin



special thanks to Cooperativa Nuova Raibl Cave del Predil, Associazione ex-minatori Cave del Predil, Associazione 0432, Associazione Giorgio Ferigo, Teatro Club Udine, Associazione Amici del Teatro Artegna.





Mines

The sound of water that comes from the darkness, bringing with it voices of men and women who tell their story. The projected image of a face in an old photo. Three wooden thresholds that become many places: graves, houses, alcoves, or doors, to go through from an inside to an outside, that continually evoke different time situations between past and present. A young man playing a trumpet and acting in the space of memories that we call “mine”; he becomes the soul, the sound, the air passing from burrow to burrow. A woman who, every time, reconstructs the story with words, objects and actions, wearing the shoes of different people. And then the end. The closing of a place that was all: it was work, social life of a community, relationships, well-being, bread. Now they are left with an “empty house”... An emotional journey through the words, faces, sounds and memories of an entire village that has done everything to avoid death. A story of struggle, which ultimately did not have heroes, but only men and women who attempted a flight.

Raibl - Cave del Predil

It is the story of a mining community in a small town lost in the mountains, whose life depends on the existence of a large zinc and lead mine. In 1991 the mine is closed, like many others of Italy. Closing the mine means to kill the village, losing a secure job, a home, everything. Thus began a strike that involves the entire community: the miners occupy the mine for 17 days, 500 meters underground in harsh conditions, the women support them, organizing pickets the village and creating garrisons where they prepare food, they protest, they pray, they meet, always at the forefront. A story of struggle that ends with a defeat. The mine closes. After so many years, the town is empty, but many of them still live there, still proud of that job they loved and hated at the same time, that binds them deeply to the mountain, to those dark tunnels they have traveled for a lifetime, and that still make them move and vibrate.

CRITICS

It is a journey through emotions and evocations in a story of loss and self-affirmation (...) Aida has dug into testimonies and stories, but she didn't make a show out of it, she went beyond the monologue, she built a collage of evocations, suggestions, relying on a few meaningful words, on thoughts of anger and love for a place, lived as "the most beautiful place for the heart to rest", as "life". By using only three thresholds of wood, doorframes but also scaffolds in the mountain tunnels, Talliente pushes those suggestions and evocations of facts and feelings in the dark of the scene to make them the dark bowels of the earth, "where one does not longer know whether is in or out ", but also the darkness of a future without a future. This is Aida's beautiful attempt, characterized also by extraordinary skills in setting a concert of voices, to tell the story relying on the motions of the heart behind the words, aided by the notes of Mirko Cisilino's trumpet, much more than a simple musical accompaniment, and by the photos of Danilo De Marco. A trip into interiority.

Mario Brandolin

A political show, a condemnation, in front of an Italy that sells its treasures (economic and cultural) carelessly (...) But it is also an extremely poetic show, where words, stage movements, images and music (a great Mirko Cisilino on trumpet, in perfect harmony with the interpreter, as well as the precious lighting design) sublimate a painful reality. Talliente takes us by the hand and leads us into the darkness of the mine, a darkness lit by voices, sounds, images, feelings. Through the underground tunnels, evoked by a setting of thresholds that constantly reshape space and sometimes seem almost to dance, we enter the heart of the men who knew they were risking their lives every day and everyday put their lives in somebody else's hands, men who loved their work greatly and by entering the bowels of the earth got to know it deeply. Aida Talliente gives them an inner voice, with such intensity that makes it unnecessary to recite. Those words, those souls, she has them in herself and she returns them with purity, she becomes the trove of a precious story that, together with anger and discouragement, gives us an ancient wisdom. **Clelia Delponte**

